

# New-York Weekly Museum.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED by HARRISON AND PURDY, at their PRINTING-OFFICE, No. 3, PECK-SLIP; where Subscriptions are taken in at Ten Shillings per annum; Essays, Articles of Intelligence, Advertisements, &c. are gratefully received.

## ASSIZE of BREAD,

Established in Common Council, Dec. 5, 1787.  
A Loaf of inspected superfine Wheat Flour, to weigh Two Pounds Five Ounces, for Six Pence.

A Loaf of Rye Flour, to weigh One Pound Twelve Ounces, for Three Pence.

## The FATAL EFFECTS of SUDDEN JOY, AN AFFECTING STORY.

LORIO, a young gentleman of a good family, possessed not of a large, but easily fortune, and endowed with every virtue that can render both himself and another happy in the married state, had long paid his addresses to the fair Fidelia, the daughter of a gentleman in his neighbourhood, whose agreeable behaviour, universal good humour and affability, joined to one of the most amiable persons, and a simplicity natural to herself alone, and so gained on his yet unwounded heart, that he found he could not live without being put in full possession of her charms; and his innate worth, pleasing manner, and unaffected politeness, had raised an equal panion in her breast. He made application to her parents, who very readily gave their consent. In the mean time, Molvolio, a man of larger fortune than Florio, but who had as many bad qualities as he had good ones, likewise made pretensions to her favour.—But her father, who was a man of too much sense, and who had too much regard for the welfare of his daughter not to give the preference to Florio's superior merit, hurried the match as soon as possible, in order to put it out of Molvolio's power to influence her to his advantage. The nuptials were accordingly celebrated with universal and unfeigned joy on all sides; and the day following was appointed for the bride and bridegroom to go down to a country seat of Florio's, near the sea-side. The disappointed rival, who had secret intelligence of every thing that passed, resolved to make use of this opportunity to put one of the blackest designs in execution. He laid an ambuscade for them in an unfequented road, and, attended by russians, armed with carbines and cut-lances attacked the coach they were in. Florio defended himself with the greatest bravery, and presently laid four of them dead at his feet; but overpowered by numbers, at last he fell, and, with all his servants slain around him, was left for dead. At this sight, the wretched Fidelia fainted away; and in this condition was hurried and carried aboard a vessel, which the vile assassin had got ready, and which immediately set sail for France.

As soon as they arrived there, he offered to marry her; but she, with the greatest contempt and disdain rejected his offer, telling him she would sooner die, than submit to what was worse than death, the embraces of her husband's murderer; Her rage and grief, added thereto most opprobri-

ous terms she could make use of, which so enraged him that he told her it was now in his power, and that he would give her three days to consider of it, and if she did not in that time come to reason, he should then make use of force to obtain what he then asked as a favour. In vain were all her tears, prayers and intreaties for a longer respite; he would hear no more, but left her in the greatest depth of agony and despair,—Often did she think of putting an end to her wretched life before the expiration of the time allowed her, and as often did her virtue and piety restrain her from committing so great a crime. When at length an innocent stratagem presented itself to her mind, which was (having bribed one of her tyrant's servants, by promises, presents and intreaties, to favour her design) to take a medicine, which without doing any further damage, would throw her into a sound sleep, that she would seem in all outward appearance dead. Thus she did; and Molvolio, who imagined she had poisoned herself, finding himself again frustrated in his base designs, and fearing he might be brought into trouble on suspicion of having murdered her, had her buried privately as possible. After which, the servant who had been entrusted with the secret, took care to have the tomb and coffin opened, before the effects of the medicine could be finally over; and Fidelia, by his assistance, and under cover of the night, presently got out of the territories of France, and fled to Holland. As those who have no sense of honour, cannot have any notion of the more refined and noble sentiments of love to their country, Molvolio, who was now afraid to come to England on account of Florio's murder, immediately entered himself into the French army, which was then going to Flanders, in order to garrison some town which it was expected the English troops then embarking, intending to besiege; where let us leave him and return to England.

Some gentlemen riding by the place where Florio and his servants lay, gave notice of it at the next village, brought people thither, and had them all carried to an inn, whether a surgeon was sent for to examine them, who found they were all dead, excepting Florio, in whom some signs of life appeared. They put him into a warm bed, had his wounds dressed, and in a fortnight's time he was so far recovered as to be able to remove to his own house, when he made all possible enquiry after Molvolio and Fidelia. He presently found they were gone to France, where he sent letters of intelligence; but how great was his grief and surprise, when by the answers that were returned, he found Molvolio was there, but that nobody had seen or knew any thing of Fidelia. He then concluded that he must have ravished and murdered her; and painted every circumstance in his mind, under the most shocking and horrid appearances that the most cruel barbarity could invent or imagine. Not being able to bear life without her, he resolved to be avenged of the villain who had deprived him of her; and hearing that Molvolio was enlisted in the army of France, he settled his affairs at home, and bought a commission in the English army under the Duke of Marlborough. He be haved with

the greatest bravery in several engagements; and in one it chanced to be his lot to meet with Molvolio, when it pleased the almighty Director of all things, who never fails to punish those whose long continued course of wickedness has justly drawn his wrath upon them, to put the avenging sword in Florio's hand. Florio's revenge and detestation of Molvolio's crime, added to a deep despair and disregard to his own safety, guided his arm so effectually, that though his antagonist was as good a swordman as any in the French army, he could not oppose the fury of his first attack, but presently received his mortal wound. He fell; and finding his end fast approaching, he then too late was brought to a fence of his guilt, implored forgiveness of Florio, and how his wife was dead, but assured him she died unpoised—and expired at the instant.

Fidelia having in the mean time got safe to Holland, and taken lodgings till she could find a convenient opportunity of returning home; but in the greatest grief for the loss of her husband, had sent letters to her relations in England to let them know she was still living; and they had remitted others to her and Florio, to let them know respectively of each other's fortune, which had they received, they still might have been happy, and reaped the just reward of all their virtues; but unfortunately two or three mails being detained by contrary winds, these letters came to neither of their hands.

Florio being now perfectly assured from what Molvolio had told him, that his wife was dead, resolved to remain in the army; and although he durst not put an end to his wretched life, unsupportable to him as it was without his dear Fidelia, yet he determined to expose himself to any danger where he might lose it honorably in the service of his country. However, the army was going into winter quarters, and the General had already assigned to all the officers their respective lodgings, and his among the rest. But when he came to the house which had been appointed for him, what object should first strike his ravished eyes, but his beloved, his faithful, his long lost wife! How vast and inexpressible was the surprise of both! how tender was the scene at first; but ah! how fatal. They stood for a few minutes motionless. At length, as by some mutual impulse, they rushed into each other's embraces; tears forced their way, where words could not find utterance. The sudden transport of an unexpected meeting, after having so long believed one another dead, was more than they could bear; and they expired in each other's arms, without speaking a single word.

## THE ROSE CUE. A SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

SHADE of my father, said the despairing Lucy, as she stood on the banks of the river;—shade of my father, if it is permitted thee to view the sad estate of thy agonizing child, pity her distresses, and ask of heaven, that cannot be deaf to the intreaties of thy exalted merit, to let the misery I cannot bear, —

the act I prepare to execute, in order to save me from it; though seduced into the paths of vice, my heart has never forgot that virtue which you implanted in it. It is a horror of that vice, and the impossibility of practising that virtue, which has brought me to this precipice. Life will not yield to my wishes, and death will not obey my summons; while despair urges me to leave the distresses of the one, to the forced, but, I trust, oblivious embraces of the other.—Oh! could I but for a moment grasp the belief that forgiveness may accompany my contrition, I would plunge into the wave as a bower of pleasure, and seek my watery bed as it were a rosy couch.—But without hope in this world, goaded by poverty, disease, and infamy, I cannot bear my being, and must rest on the boundless mercies of heaven for a deed which it forbids;—and dare to enter, an uninvited guest, into the gloomy cavern of death.

—One effort more, and my lot will be cast for ever.—The power who knows my affliction, will not refuse his celestial mercy to a desperate deed which hopes to end them.—

At this moment she attempted to spring forwards to the water;—but an arm restrained her. Cease your phrenzy, said the worthy Gratiano, and rather address heaven for having sent me to prevent your desperate purpose. Have you no friends, no relations?

Yes, said she, I have relations, who now live in all the luxury of life, but no friends; when I lost my virtue, I lost them. There is no bread for the seduced, but from the hands of the seducer; and when he turns away from the wretch he has made, to gain a precarious support she must consent to be a victim at the altar of prostitution. I was born in honour. I was bred up in plenty.—The early scene of my life was so happy, that to look back upon it increases my despair, and I beseech you to let me complete the deed it dictates.

It shall not be, said Gratiano, comfort may yet be in store for thee; and the very horror of vice which urges you to this desperate purpose, may be made to produce the consolation of virtue.—Come with me; it shall be my office to lead you to them.



## The F O O L, NUMBER XI.

OBSTINACY is a tenacious retention of any opinion, that cannot be supported by reason and truth. The most obstinate will indeed say, that his own reason leads him to his opinion, but tho' his own reason, under a wrong bias, may so mislead him, truth will rectify that weakness, if he will lend an unbiased ear to her dictates.—What use can a man be said to make of his rational faculties, who without weighing the opinions of others, will fix his own standard for all. As men of this temper often meet with a repulse from persons of good sense, the confusion that ensues will be avoided by a little decent consideration.

I was in company the other day where there was a father and a son equally obstinate. A topic being advanced by one of the company, the son gave into it; but the father purely to shew his authority contradicted it; all the rest sided with the son, but all their reasons could not silence the father. Philander, who started the subject, to smother the clamour, offered to give up the cause, but the son went on defending a rational tenet without one grain of reason: at last Jack Dryboots, by good address put a stop to the debate, and in the end proposed, that, against their next meeting, a large yellow cap be provided to be hung up in the room, to be voted to the wearing of any per-

son that should presume to oppose without argument, or persevere without reason.

I know a family, so unfortunately constituted, that if the Master of it entertains an opinion tho' ever so absurd, all the arguments in the world cannot remove him from it. His own politeness must determine against their apprehensions, and his will give law, tho' ever so unreasonable. How unhappy to itself is such an obstinate temper! How unhappy to all that have to do with it! Relation, friendship and humanity are all overpowered by it, and they have the pleasure to see, what he only does not see, that he makes himself the diversion of the malice of his inferiors.

New-York, January 7, 1789.

## Foreign Intelligence.

V I E N N A, October 4.

The last accounts received here from the Imperial army mention, that in their march from Ilova, in the evening of the 21st of September, two columns crossing each other in the dark, and a false alarm of the approach of the enemy, gave rise to a great confusion, in which some corps of the Austrian infantry fired at each other, and the batmen and servants were struck with such a panic, that throwing off the loads from their horses, and out of their carriages, they fled precipitately, so that many officers lost their baggage, and some regiments a part of their field equipage. The Turks harassed the rear guard, but were vigorously repulsed in the attacks they made upon it, and obliged to abandon three of their standards. A smart skirmish however took place near Caranfebes, in which the Austrians had 150 men killed and wounded; and some houses in that town were burnt by the Turks. The Emperor continued his march on the 23d to Sezakul, and on the 24th to Lugosch, where he remained on the 28th; the heavy baggage being sent on to Temeswaer, without meeting any further interruption from the enemy.

On the day preceding the arrival of the army at Caranfebes a considerable number of lawless Wallachians inhabiting the neighbourhood of Lugosch, ran into the town, spread a false alarm that the enemy were at their heels. This had the effect they wished for. The army baggage (then at Lugosch) was immediately sent off to Temeswaer, when the Wallachians proceeded to pillage whatever they found unguarded, and even many of the houses. A military force, however, soon put an end to these enormities; and several of the plunderers were taken and immediately broken on the wheel.

S T O C K H O L M, Sept. 28.

The King is still on his march through the Northern provinces; he has been some time at Warmelond, whence he is to go to Bahuslu, and other places on the frontiers of Norway and Denmark. The King is received every where with marks of the sincerest respect, and the provinces vie with each other in raising the levies of regulars and militia. The grand army in Finland is in an advantageous situation, and in case of attack, will be bravely defended by duke Charles. Couriers are frequently arriving from Paris, London, Vienna, and Berlin; every thing looks like some important business of negociation, the result whereof is impatiently expected.

P A R I S, October 20.

The Bishop of Grenoble shot himself about a fortnight ago, after having delivered one of the most patriotic speeches ever heard in that province. The reason of his committing this rash ac-

tion is, that he had it printed very differently from what he had spoken; for which reason the gentlemen of the association declared him incapable of presiding over that patriotic assembly.

It is said that several thousand Prussians are gone into Stralsund and other garrisons at Pomerania, to relieve the Swedish troops, which are going over to Sweden, now invaded by the Danes, as by all letters received with the last Dutch mail, the King of Prussia is resolved to support his Kingman, the King of Sweden.

L O N D O N, Oct. 23.

Advices are received from Peterburgh, by a member of the *Corps Diplomatique*, which mention the following intelligence. On the 29th ult. a courier, who was of no less distinction than a Colonel of horse, arrived in that city express, in only nine days from leaving the Imperial camp. His appearance was at eleven o'clock at night, when the inhabitants of that city are usually at rest, at which time the night guard, exclusive of the ordinary watch, are on duty, and the gates shut. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour he drove to the Imperial palace of the Czarina, where, on notifying his business, which was of the first importance, he was immediately admitted to an audience with the Empress. Councils have been held every day since, till the 2d of October instant, when the same courier left the city at night, with a message back to the Emperor. Some have gone so far as to suspect, that this officer was no other than the Emperor himself, and that something of the greatest importance is now in agitation concerning the adjustment of affairs between the belligerent powers of Turkey, Russia and Germany.

Should we be involved in a naval war next year, the natives of Britain and Holland would bear down all opposition on the ocean. But France is so involved in domestic disputes, that she will with the greatest reluctance join the Emperor. If she cannot raise the supplies for her peace establishment, without raising a rebellion how is she to raise a war revenue, especially as neither the Empress nor Emperor are popular in France, while they look on the Turks as their old and friendly ally?

*Extract of a letter from Vienna, Oct. 7.*

“ However chimerical it has been represented, and may in general appear, be assured it was intended that the French troops from the camps of St. Omer's and Mentz were to have garrisoned Austrian Flanders, and would have done so, but for the remonstrances of Britain, and the active and determined interference of his Prussian Majesty. Every express from the Emperor contains orders to expedite the march of whatever troops can be collected, as his losses keep pace with the augmentation of the enemy. The Russians are loudly complained of, and with much reason: As if they were afraid of drawing on them the fatal resentment of the Ottomans, their armies have been inactive, whilst a considerable part of the Austrian territories have been cruelly ravaged, and at least 40,000 men destroyed in endeavouring to defend them. The necessity of the Emperor's retreat justified the measure, but the consequences are lamentable in the extreme, as a fine and extensive district is left wholly unprotected, and the auxiliaries of Turkey mark their way with general resolution.

“ There is little room for the idea of peace, which has late been talked of. The allied powers have not accomplished one object for which they commenced the war, and the recent capture of Choczim will put them in spirits, as besides the importance of the place, the troops that were before it will give a degree of equality to the Emperor.”

Extract of a letter from the Hague, O. 10.

"It is now too evident that even we hardly yet emerged from our own troubles, will ere long be involved in that general broil which at present astonishes all Europe, and seems to puzzle the wisest and the greatest of our powers how to act, either upon pacific or hostile principles.—Within these few days, M. Schraut, Secretary of Legation from the Court of Vienna, has had the audacity to present to their High Mightinesses a memorial couched in terms highly disrespectful to the Stadholder, as well as libellously abusive of one of the most respectful families in this country. The consequence was, that their High Mightinesses immediately returned the said memorial to M. Schraut, and at the same time gave orders to send notice of the insult to Baron Haefnen, our Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Vienna, intimating the extreme displeasure of their High Mightinesses at the repeated unbecoming conduct of the said Schraut, which they had long forbore to express, from a principal of respect for his Imperial Majesty, but which now, in consequence of his last memorial, they thought it their duty to avow."

## American Intelligence.

BOSTON, January 1.

Capt. Murphy arrived at Salem, last week, from Marseilles, which he left the 6th of October. Before he sailed, accounts were received there, and credited, of an attack made by the Turks, in the night, on the Austrian army, when the latter were routed, with the slaughter of thousands. This account was published in the Marseilles papers, which Captain Murphy forgot to take with him, and of which he does not recollect particulars. It was said at Marseilles, that the eldest son of the late unfortunate Comte de Grasse, after having fought several successful duels in defence of his father's character, had shot himself, finding, as he said, that he should be obliged to contend with the whole nation.

LITCHFIELD, December 22.

An unhappy accident occurred at Goshen on Saturday last. Mr. Gideon Hallibut of that place, being at work in wedging the trundle-head of a grist-mill, whilst the wheel was in motion, his great coat was caught by the cogs, which throwing him upon the wheel, almost instantaneously put an end to his existence. His right arm was broken, and his body much bruised. Mr. Hallibut's wife observing an unusual noise in the mill, was the first person who discovered the fatal event.—She is left with seven children.

NEW-HAVEN, December 31.

On Monday morning, the 22d instant, one of the paper-mills in East-Hartford, together with a quantity of paper, and other stock, was entirely consumed by fire—the lowest estimation \$800. The property of Mr. Hudson (one of the printers of the Connecticut Courant) and Dr. Butler, both of the city of Hartford. About twelve years since, a paper-mill, standing at the same place, as the above, was destroyed in the same way.

PHILADELPHIA, December 30.

Some gentlemen of this city skating on the river Schuylkill on Friday last, nearly opposite Spruce-street, found a beaver hat, half worn and cocked. Very near it was a hole in the ice, large enough

to admit the body of a man; and as a glove was found frozen to the edge of the hole, it is feared that some person must have been unfortunately lost by the breaking of the ice.

## NEW-YORK, JANUARY 10.

On Thursday evening last, between the hours of 6 and 7 o'clock, the Store of Mr. Alexander Robertson, No. 9, Hanover-square, was entered by means of a false key by some villains, who forced open the desks and took away some specie, and a small sum of paper money, but dropped their false key, which is left at the Coffee-House for the inspection of the curious.

Sunday afternoon sailed for Bombay, the America Indiaman, Jacob Sarly, Esq. commander.—A trade which has evidently for its object the prosperity of these States, is entitled to the good wishes of our fellow citizens, and the spirited adventurers to our particular applause. May the laudable enterprise be crowned with success.

Last Tuesday the general society of mechanics and tradesmen held their anniversary meeting at the house of Mr. Samuel Fraunces, when, after they had elected their officers for the ensuing year, partook of an elegant entertainment, and spent the day in an agreeable and social manner. The following toasts were drank on the occasion, viz.

1. His Excellency George Washington, Esq.
2. The United States of America.
3. His Excellency George Clinton, Esq.
4. The land we live in, and may it ever be free.
5. May our endeavours to do good be crowned with success.
6. May we breakfast with health, dine with friendship, drink a bottle with mirth, and sup with contentment.
7. May agriculture and manufactures receive support and encouragement under the federal government.

8. Disgrace to the man who owes his greatness to his country's ruin.

9. A cobweb pair of breeches, a porcupine saddle, a hard trotting horse, and a long journey to all the enemies of freedom.

10. May the mechanics of the United States ever discover ingenuity in their professions, and honour in their dealings.

11. Trade and navigation.

12. May we live, and our enemies know it.

13. The day, and the pleasures thereof.

N. B. The remains of the victuals of the entertainment were carefully sent to the new gaol, to be a comfortable repast to those in confinement.

The Prisoners confined in gaol for small debts, return their most grateful thanks to the Society of Mechanics for their donation of bread, beef and cheese. Their benevolence gave a temporary relief to many persons now in want and in poverty, who formerly were in easy and comfortable circumstances, and affords a good example to all those who have it in their power to do good.

A R R I V A L S since our last.

Ships. Flora, Pierce, Lisbon. Elizabeth, Grie, Liverpool. Pomona, Greives, London-derry. Betty, Weaten, Lisbon. Snow Providence, Dabanham, Dublin. Brigs, \_\_\_\_\_, Philadelphia. Diana, Hunt, Dominic. Nancy, Barnard, Cape Francois. Mary, Scott, Madeira. Favorite, Betty, Swail, Norfolk. Patty, Mallaby, St. Thomas's.

Schooners, William, Caffon, Kingston. Three Friends, Harriet, Curracoa.

AT a numerous and respectable meeting of the New-York Society for the Encouragement of American Manufactures, held at Rawton's tavern on Monday Evening last, the following Gentlemen were elected to fill the important offices of the Society for the ensuing year.

New-York, 7th January, 1789.

MELANCTON SMITH, President.

WHITE MATLACK, Vice President.

EZEKIEL ROBINS, Treasurer.

CORNS. COOPER, Secretary.

## STANDING COMMITTEE.

HENRY POPE,	HENRY TEN BROOK,
WHITE MATLACK,	JOHN VAN DYCKE,
EZEKIEL ROBINS,	JACOB HALLETT.

## TO BE SOLD,

On easy terms of payment, or  
T O B E L E T,

On improving leases for a suitable time,  
**S**EVERAL very valuable bodies of  
Land, in the states of New York  
and Pennsylvania, near the boundary  
line. They lay very conveniently for the  
navigation of Delaware and Susquehanna,  
and are all adjacent to, or intersected by the  
new roads in Pennsylvania  
to the state line and Teoga. These lands  
abound with mill seats, and meadow  
ground. Those in Pennsylvania are free  
from quit rent. Lots will be given to the  
settlers for places of worship and school-  
houses. Apply at No. 47, Wall-street,  
New-York, to  
Dec. 23, 1788.

LUDLOW & GOOLD.

## WANTS EMPLOYMENT.

A Person regularly brought up in the Mercantile line, and well versed in book-keeping and accounts, and who can be well recommended. He will assist any merchant in posting their books, either at their stores, or at his own house. Accounts settled at the shortest notice, in the plainest manner. Enquire at the Printing Office, No. 3, Peck-slip.

By order of the Hon. John Sloss Hobart, Esq. one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Judicature of the State of New-York:

**N**OTICE is hereby given to John Freebody, of New-Port, in the State of Rhode-Island, an absent debtor, and all others whom it may concern, that on application of one of the creditors of the said John Freebody to the said Justice, and in pursuance of an act of the people of the state of New-York represented in Senate and assembly, entitled, "An act for the relief against absconding and absent debtors," passed the 4th day of April, 1786—He the said Justice hath directed all the estate, real and personal, of the said John Freebody, within this state, to be seized; and that unless he, the said John Freebody, an absent debtor, as aforesaid, shall return and discharge his debts within one year after the date hereof, all his estate, real and personal, will be sold for the payment and satisfaction of his debts. Dated this 21st day of October, 1788. 29

Printing, in its greatest variety, executed with neatness, accuracy and dispatch,



### The COURT of APOLLO.

#### SALT WATER.

By a Gentleman of the Navy.  
O! sure the greedy wretch is pent,  
In endles chains of deep damnation,  
Who first to plague us did invent  
The cursed art of navigation.  
When to the wind we spread our sails,  
Upon the pathless ocean strolling,  
Cramm'd in a tub, stuck full of nails,  
Like *Regulus* we die with rolling.  
A plague upon the nauseous brine,  
What benefit receive we from it,  
Unless with rank disease we pine,  
And use it for a purge or vomit.  
While *Eve* in innocence did dwell,  
Her tears in fresh rills descended,  
But soon as she to folly fell,  
The violet stream with brine was blended.  
The race of man in ancient times  
Was bent on rapine, and on slaughter,  
When Heaven incensed at their crimes,  
Decreed their deaths, and sent salt water.  
And when those heavy judgments past  
On *Egypt* for her plagues renowned,  
Salt water was reserv'd the last,  
And *Pharaoh* and his host were drowned.  
When we who now are turn'd to fish,  
And with the scurvy grown all scaly,  
And made for shark a curious dish,  
While over board we're tumbled daily.  
May you who on the land abide  
Our element to mourn us borrow,  
Let fall of tears a briny tide,  
Salt water, is the mark of sorrow.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### LOVE and CONSTANCY.

##### An ANECDOTE.

A Neopolitan being at work in a field bordering on the sea-shore, his wife, who was at some distance from him, was seized by the Corsairs of Tuvis, and carried on board their vessel. The Neopolitan threw himself into the sea, swim to the ship, and intreated the captain to take him in.

The good man well knew he would be sold as a slave, and the consequent misery and hardship he should undergo; but love for the object who had hitherto shared in his labours, and enjoyed with him the fruits of his industry, predominated over all other sensations. While the Turks were astonished at his temerity, he continued supplicating to be taken on board;—he told them that the woman they had taken from the field was his wife: “we have,” continued he, “long shared happiness, and we can bear misery together, grant us only the consolation of being sold to the same master, is all I ask; deny me that, and one grave will, I trust, soon constrain us.”

The Turks admiring the man's affection, on their return, told it to the King of Tuvis, who, being pleased with this singular instance of conjugal fidelity, not only gave them their liberty, but each a place in the palace.

### THE MORALIST.

#### On the MEANNESS and MALIGNITY of INDOLENCE.

A Person of quality, when he enters into this world, enters not into possession of the virtues of his ancestors, if they had any; nor will they descend to him by right of inheritance. They must be his own goods, and he must acquire and preserve them by his own industry. A father, it may be, can make his child's fortune; perhaps he can do more, he can instruct him how to deserve it, and to make an honest use of it; but the rest depends upon the child's future temper and conduct. The offspring of the great are born noble or rich, but neither wise nor learned; and if they do not become such, they are the more guilty, as they have only that employment, and nothing to draw them from it, but rather every inducement to assist, invite, and encourage them to it.

The mind of man is, naturally, a fertile soil; it will bring forth something, either good or bad. When reason is stupefied, and the passions are unruly, evil thoughts and evil deeds will be the scandalous product. Indolence and laziness is (are) ever pernicious to human creatures; for there is in all of us an active principle; and even the lazy must have their occupations; and these will be frivolous pleasures, and unprofitable diversions, to make the most favourable supposition; for seldom do the lazy stop here, but often proceed to worse things, to disingenuity, immortality, and debauchery.

But for all these things God will bring them into judgment, and say to such unprofitable servants, what have you done with my talents? I gave you a mind capable of improvement, and a body formed for action; I gave you all the conveniences of life, and I excused you from the toil and drudgery to which so many of your fellow-creatures are doomed. What use have you made of all these advantages? The best answer they can give is, “We have been eating and drinking, and sleeping, and spending our time in public diversions, in mixed assemblies, and in fashionable amusements.” And is this then the life of a man? Good bad it been for such a man that he had been a beast of the field, or an insect.

But besides these polite and honourable sluggards, there is another set of lazy animals, who in some respects are still more blameable. I mean those who by their station are obliged to work for their bread, and whose condition, all things considered, is by no means to be accounted miserable. This we know, that the scriptures have pronounced that man happy who labours, and who eats the labours of his hands. When such people have their lot, in a Christian nation, and in a land of liberty, and live under the protection of mild and charitable laws, they have no just reason to repine at their situation, and to envy their superiors. Idleness, which is blameable in all persons, is insupportable in such as these; nor have they any claim to a maintenance from the public. The scriptures have declared, that he who will not work, should not eat; and it cannot be called an unmerciful severity to baffle nothing upon those who are able but not disposed to do any thing for themselves; who by obstinate laziness and perpetual foolishness become public nuisances; who prefer beggary to honest industry; who having both hands and feet, expect to be fed like the fowls of the air, and to be clothed like the flowers of the field, though they resemble not the one nor the other, being neither useful nor ornamental in the creation. The only favour which suits such persons is compulsion; as amongst their relations, the brutes, those which will not be led must be driven.

On the 30th day of MARCH next, will be published (Printed on a good Type and fine paper).

By SAMUEL CAMPBELL,  
No. 44, Hanover-Square, corner of the Old-Slip,  
New-York.

### THE LOUNGER.

#### PERIODICAL PAPER.

Published at Edinburgh in the years, 1785, 1786  
and 1787.

By the authors of the *Mirror*.  
In two, neat Duodecimo Volumes, price only 12s.  
bound and lettered,  
(being little more than half the price of the London  
edition.)

For the information of the Public, the following  
extracts respecting the character of the *LOUNGER*  
are subjoined.

“MANY of the papers in this work, will be found replete with good sense and elegant writing; and several of them enriched with pathetic touches of nature, or genuine strokes of humour. We have perused with particular pleasure those papers which have the signature of Z. for which the public is indebted to Mr. Mackenzie, the ingenious author of the man of feeling.

“We could with great pleasure enrich our Journal with extracts from this entertaining miscellany; but as few readers of taste will deny themselves the pleasure of perusing these volumes, we shall only transcribe the just and interesting account which is here given of a man, &c.”

*Monthly Review, Nov. 1787.*

THE fashion of literary publication, which England seems so long to have rejected, Scotland (now, it would appear, arrived at the Augustan era of her literature) has, for some years, successfully adopted; and to Mr. Mackenzie (author of those admired novels—*The Man of Feeling*, *The Man of the World*, &c.) with the assistance, it appears, of the same gentleman who were his colleagues in the “*Mirror*,” we are now under the title of the “*Lounger*,” indebted for an assemblage of papers conducted on the same principle as the preceding ones from the same quarter, but penned with more elegance, more acumen, and more of that enlarged knowledge of the follies and foibles of human nature, which can never be illustrated with accuracy but by men who (trusting not to mere book information) possess opportunities of mixing even as loungers in the various scenes of busy life, with talents to give to such scenes animation, whether with the pen or the pencil.

*European Mag. July, 1787.*

Such encomiums as these have seldom been given to any periodical publications since the days of Addison; many papers in the *Lounger* will be found superior to those in the *Spectator*, and will form a necessary supplement to that work.

N. B. A few copies will be printed on a fine paper, to supply such gentlemen as choose to subscribe previous to publication.

### BONNET PAPER

To be had at this Printing Office.

### BLANKS

Of all Kinds, to be had at the Printing Office, No. 3, Peck-slip.